

Helen Nelson

The Broadcaster



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FALL ISSUE
PALMOUTH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
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In memory of
W. Harry Huston,
youngest member
of the Class of
1934

THE BROADCASTER



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Falmouth, Mass., November, 1936

FALMOUTH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL,

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DEDICATION

We, the staff of the Broadcaster, dedicate this issue to the pupils and teachers of the Junior High School and our outside friends who have made possible the publishing of this magazine by their wonderful support.

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Cover Design drawn by Mura Booker and
Block Print by Jeannette Hurford

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THE CULPRITS

Five figures stole down a dark alley in lower New York carrying something between them in a black bag. It was a mysterious October night; the moon shone through stringy clouds casting grotesque shadows upon the ground and walls of the buildings, and the wind whistled through the trees, that is, it would have if there had been any trees. A woman passed the end of the alley—the men gasped in unison and shrank back to the wall, but breathed a sigh of relief when they saw it was only a girl with groceries. They dashed across the street and continued swiftly down to the river and out on the Brooklyn Bridge, still bearing their burden with care not to drop it. At last they came to a seat by a lamp-post and sat down to catch their breath. On the instant on ear-splitting, hair-raising screech rent the air. The men jumped up as one, all pale as scared ghosts, and what could be paler?

"Heh-heh. Only a ferry-whistle!"

"Well, we might as well divide it now, don't you think? Then we may throw the surplus into the river."

"A capital idea! They won't catch us now, anyway."

"No sir, I guess they won't. The wives may prevent us from eating limburger at home, but they can't stop us now!"

Robert Simmons, '37.

LITERARY

FALL REVERIE

The air is crisp, and clear, and cold;
The gay leaves bright with colors bold;
The ground is dark, the nights are long;

The birds are singing one last, sweet song.

The sky is an azure shade of blue;
The leaves have bidden a fond adieu.
The cool wind's voice is sharp and loud;

The sun is o'ershadowed by a warning cloud.

The flowers are gone, in terror fled
To the sheltering warmth of Nature's bed.

All plants have left, every living thing
Has paved a way for the Snowy King.

Roberta Jones, '37.

A TRIUMPHANT DAY

It was as if the whistle had unleashed hordes of screaming, shouting, hilarious maniacs, mad with joy, who poured over the gridiron from every side. No corner of the field was safe from the torrential crowd that overflowed from the grandstands. The embattled team, pushed from every side by the boisterous well-wishers, fought its way to the doors of the massive gym which served in the background as a mighty reflector of the setting sun's rays. Everything moveable was being thrown into the air including papers, hats, megaphones, and pennants. The red rays of the retiring sun tinted the biting air and painted the joyous crowd, which pushed through the gates, a colorful crimson.

John Hough, '37.

TOMATOES AND EGGS

Hallowe'en night had come. Jim and Joe, staunch pals as well as brothers, started out at 8 o'clock with rotten tomatoes and stale eggs which they had been collecting for this occasion. They were headed for the sign of Tony, the grocer, their longtime enemy. Jim's and Joe's father kept the leather store near by. As I say, it was a very foggy night, and as they neared the store the sign could hardly be seen. They were about to hurl their missiles, when the police siren was heard approaching from the other end of Main Street. Quickly the boys threw their tomatoes and eggs at the sign, appearing dimly some distance away.

The next morning dawned clear and cold, a perfect day for a football game. Both boys were very excited over the coming event, when their father entered the room declaring that someone would pay for their evil antics of last night.

He wrathfully said his sign was plastered with rotten tomatoes and stale eggs. One glance at their crimson faces proved the undeniable truth. Stale eggs and tomatoes, you may not know, are very difficult to get off signs, and the task was made much more disagreeable by thinking of the football game which they were missing.

Nancy Haskins, '38.

AN AUTUMNAL SUNSET

A golden sun-ball in the West,
Sinks slowly into nature's rest.
A yellow tint, a purple hue,
A dark red blotch, a faint, light blue.

A crimson streak, a bright green bar,
A twinkling star winks from afar;
As golden, red, and apple green,
Fade slowly from the twilight scene.

Priscilla Hildreth, '38.

AUTUMN

Good-bye, good-bye to summer!
Yes, summer's really gone!
The garden's smiling faintly,
Cool shadows on the lawn.

Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But robin here with breast so bright,
Is happy still and gay.

Mary Ignos, '38.

A HERO EVERY CHILD KNOWS

He lay shivering beneath the light foliage of the leaves. Soon he heard the boys from the neighboring farm house coming. They had been looking at him very suspiciously the last few days. He heard one remark, "I hope we can find him, for I have my hunting knife to gouge out his eyes". Another said, "I have a carving knife to cut open his head with," and still another said, "I have scissors to cut his mouth all up". And still they came onward, nearer, nearer, and nearer. A sickening fear gripped our hero, and then! "Here he is"! They dragged him out of the leaves, digging, pulling, lifting, till he was all out. Oh! what a fine time that pumpkin had as a jack-o'-lantern!

Patricia Berg, '38.



THANKSGIVING TIME

Stuffed turkey in the oven.

Gee, smells mighty good!

At this time can you think of anything better

Than the savory smell of Thanksgiving food?

The well-cooked turnips are thoroughly mashed.

The potatoes whipped creamy white. Next the large carrots are sliced thinly.

Now the vegetables are prepared just right.

The plum pudding is carefully made, And the cranberry sauce can't be beat.

Say, all these smells make me hungry I think it's about time to eat!

There are the well-filled pumpkin and mincemeat pies

Cooling on a loaded shelf, Covered with nice flaky pie crust; I bet I could eat them all myself.

No thanks, I've had quite enough.

I can't eat another thing.

The food I've eaten is the best ever had,

It would have been fit for a king.

When night time has fallen everywhere,

Then begins the best of fun.

The grown-ups and children gather 'round the fireside,

While nuts, cider, and candy are enjoyed by everyone.

Mura Booker, '37.

THE PERFECT DAY

It was a cozy nook in the depths of the tall underbrush, and there I sat watching October in its prime. The colors around me were brilliant and were splashed on as though a three-year-old child had been daubing all around with paints. It was here surely that the famed "Horn of Plenty" had spilled. The asters in their purple and white joined with the goldenrod in decorating the scene. The clouds were fluffy and the sky a deep blue. This was a perfect day.

April Oursler, '39.

THE AUTUMN ARTIST

The studio is the great outdoors, the artist is Mother Nature, and the canvas is a rather drab, dull landscape. This artist has but to dip her brush in crimson, gold, and orange and to daub here and there at random to produce a perfectly-blended yet gaily-colored scene. No other artist can produce such a splendid picture though he may labor for hours using the very best of materials. He cannot produce the same shade of flaming scarlet of the woodbine, the wide expanse of blue October sky, or the beautiful autumn sunset.

But we can all enjoy the works of this great artist, if we but open our eyes. There is so much beauty around us! Why not take a walk this very afternoon, through the woods or around the water and see some of the wonders of autumn beauty—keeping in mind the thought that Mother Nature, the greatest of all artists, has painted her masterpieces for us to see and enjoy?

Shirley Landers, '38.

OCTOBER

Of all the months on Cape Cod, October to my mind is the most beautiful. There is about it a boisterous vitality which invigorates one during the day that, in turn, gives way to the gentle melancholy of the evening, persuading one to home and quiet study. The very colors of October seem to keep time with one's mood. The bright early morning's clear, brilliant blue and gold; the late afternoon's grander purples and deep reds seem to be infinitely more in tune with life than does the monotonous pale blue and beige of summer, or the charcoal shades of the winter months.

David Whittemore, '38.

JANE'S SPOOK HOUSE

It was a dark night with a golden harvest moon, just right for Hallowe'en. Jane was inspecting her spook house before the guests arrived. Yes, there was the tub of water, the rickety stairs and the other obstacles all in their special places waiting for their unsuspecting victims. The broomstick ghost looked very scary and the paper skeleton was almost real. There would be a grand party in Uncle Ezra's old barn that night and what a surprise the spook house would be!

Jane's thoughts were suddenly disturbed by a soft step outside and then the key turning equally softly in its rusty lock. Then, as she ran toward the door, the lights went out. The silence was terrifying and Jane trembled. She thought she heard a noise over near the ghost. Turning she gave vent to a terrified scream. The ghost was moving slowly but surely toward her. At first Jane was unable to move, but finally fear gave wings to her feet and she sped in the direction of the only window. The ghost also moved but faster, and Jane went head-on into the tub of water.

It was then that the ghost did a very strange, unghostly thing. It doubled up with laughter. The skeleton was also laughing. Someone turned on the lights, and Jane looked around to see hiding in the different places her chums. They too had known about the open window.

The party had had a grand start, though Jane at first didn't think it was so funny. When finally it had ended, everyone agreed that never before had they had such fun. Jane thought so too.

Gillian Williams, '37.

R. McD—: "Miss A, Who is the author of the Horatio Alger books?"

"SOME OF US CALL IT AUTUMN"

Beauty was all around us! The infinite, blue sky was decorated with white, fluffy clouds that looked good enough to eat. The immense tree overhanging the sparkling blue lake was gently swaying, and occasionally a russet leaf would drop in the lake and drift away like a small canoe. Scattered here and there were flowers of brilliant colors nodding their heads. The sun shone on everything in that vicinity making the enchanting scene glisten with beauty.

"Some of us call it Autumn,
While others call it God."

Jean Wagner, '39.

AUTUMN SCENE

As I strolled along the walk to the lunch room the other day, I stopped to gaze at the magnificent scene of the pond with the beautiful trees with their red and green leaves overhanging the banks of the pond with its glistening ripples made by the light breeze. The scene was so magnificent that before I knew it I had been gazing at it for many minutes. I had a hard time trying to close my eyes to the scene, but I had to. As I walked away, the words, "There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood," thrilled me through and through.

Thomas Grew, '38.

FALL

The lake lay in the late October sun in all its bluish-green beauty; while along the shores the crimson and gold leaves, reflected in the glistening water, mingled together, and produced a gorgeous effect. How lucky we are to live in the country, and how unfortunate the city people are!

Eleanor T. McLaughlin, '39.

AUTUMN

This is the flaming season
Which sets the world ablaze,
With the scarlet of the maples
That gleams through misty haze.

The milkweed's silver tresses
Dance in the scented air,
The goldenrod's still yellow,
Its blossoms bright and fair.

A chestnut tree has ripened,
With red-brown nuts to bear,
That chattering, frisky squirrels
Have hidden every where.

A row of golden corn stalks
And white clouds sailing by,
The pheasant's brilliant plumage
Offset the azure sky.

The words of autumn's crimson
And summer's ancient green,
Cast in with splashing beauty
Set forth the gorgeous scene.
Jeannette Hurford, '37.

A DAY WITH THE SCALLOPS

It was October first, the opening day of the scallop season. Bob and his father were on their way down to the bay hoping that the water would be calm to aid their progress. "Now", thought Bob to himself, "there will be something in the house to eat besides potatoes and more potatoes."

Soon the rattling car reached the shore of the bay. Bob eagerly jumped out, loaded the implements into the tiny rowboat, and soon they were headed for the shallow places.

As they reached their destination, Bob's father put his "telescope" into the water and was soon scooping scallops into his net. Soon they had a bushel and were finding more.

Far in the north unnoticed by the fishermen, who were leaning over the sides of their boats, many black clouds were gathering. In a few minutes the gentle breeze had risen to a gale and the waves became much higher. Seeing

(Continued on Page 8)

THAT FAMILIAR FOG

That was a day to remembered. Visibility was so poor that objects fifty feet away were barely discernible. Fog was so thick that it literally had to be shovelled off the front walks. What few automobiles there were in this little fishing town, travelled about the place with their headlights glowing, like so many yellow eyes, in a milky mist. That, indeed, was a memorable day. Never within the recollection of the "old timers" had such a fog enveloped the little village.

Clayton Collins, '37.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun hung low in the sky, the heavy mist, which had been visible over the horizon for hours, closed in upon the rock-bound coast of the bay. Faintly the outlines of the tall pines on the hill behind could be seen, but soon more fog settled in the valley and even these were obscured. Although the muffled roar of the waves on the gravelly beach was audible, not a glimpse could be had of the foam and the barnacled rocks upon which it dashed. Then, behind the heavy clouds which totally eclipsed it, the sun sank below the horizon and the scene was enveloped in darkness.

Bille Carlson, '37.

When I finally reached the mountain top, I turned to view the scenery. A low-lying fog hung over the fields and forests hundreds of feet below, looking like stretched gauze drifting in the air. Through rifts which occasionally appeared in the bank could be seen the yellow and red trees of fall, but other than that there was nothing but a blank, white wall.

Robert Simmons, '37.

FALL MUSINGS

The trees are shedding their raiment, the frogs have croaked their last croak of the season, the woods are fragrant with the smell of fallen pineneedles and last, but far from least, there is Thomas Talcot Turkey basking in the sun already being fattened for the day when he will fall victim to the farmer's axe. All this description tells you and me that fall is at her climax and King Winter is again master of ceremonies. There also comes on Thanksgiving Day a climax to your football season, the time when the moleskins are put in mothballs and the dense quarterback can safely forget his line bucks and end runs for a short time.

On this Pilgrim Day rivals of old usually meet and with their meeting comes the old tradition of arch rivals "Rather win this one than all the other eight put together." Tales of old are swapped and the old forgotten heroes are brought to light, and the present gridiron playing frye are pitched to high C.

"Forget for the moment what Henry Frank did back in '27, or what Tsikinas did in '34, but do something in '36 that will never be forgotten by Fal-mouth football fans until the Grim Reaper comes around to thresh out of us the crop of Life. Beat Barnstable. It's 99-0, boys, when Lawrence High's around!"

John I. Loveboice

Stanley Burgess, '37.

Left the Job Unfinished

A loud and objectionable bore had been talking for hours about himself and his achievements. "I'm a self-made man, that's what I am—a self made man," he said.

"You knocked off work too soon," came a great voice from the corner.

THANKSGIVING—DAY OF PEACE

Thanksgiving is a day of peace,
To honor and revere.
We all should feel respectfully,
Toward this day of the year.

'Twas a day, in long time past,
For prayer, and thanks, and peace,
Not to have good things to eat,
But to love, and never cease.

A call to worship of the Lord,
Who gave of all things good,
A bountiful harvest reaped by all,
Tho' plain and simple food.

They were thankful just to live,
To love and persevere,
And they thanked the Lord in
reverence great,
For their first and fruitful year.

Roberta Jones, '37.

NATURE'S BEAUTY

Looking from my gloomy bedroom out of the northeast window, I overlook a wonderful scene. The morning sun's rays trying hard to penetrate the dense fog that has gathered during the night, finally succeed, and the surrounding scene becomes flooded with sunlight. The spires of the Congregational and Episcopal churches tower above the many bright trees which seem to have suddenly come to life from a bold artist's canvas, so freely have the colors been given out.

Finally, after drawing one last breath of the pure, wholesome air, I close the window, fully realizing Nature's gift to her creation.

John Lawrence, '39.



SCALLOPERS

(Continued from Page 6)

this, the little fleet quickly made for the inlets along the shore. Rain began to pelt down unmercifully. It was a real squall. Bob and his father found it impossible to row their tiny boat, which, to their horror, began to drift away out into the bay.

In the distance they spotted a little island. "I wonder if we could get close enough to that island to land," said Bob.

"Absolutely not," replied his father, "We are going so fast that we will drift right by it."

As his eye swept the shore of the little island, he saw a stump fairly near the shore and an idea began to form in his mind. He untied the anchor and quickly made a lasso out of the rope. As they swiftly neared the stump, Bob threw the lasso true to its mark, and they were soon pulling against the strong currents hoping that the stump would stand the strain. It did and they were soon on the shore, breathless and thankful to be on dry land again, even though it was not the mainland. They were dripping wet, and, although the rain had abated, the wind had not and they were very cold. After wandering about, they found a sheltered place to sleep.

The next morning the two hungry castaways awoke to find their rowboat gone. Still wet, hungry, and weary, they roamed along the shore. In a few hours they spotted a power boat swiftly bearing down on the island. They were soon on the boat, and then on shore, thankful that they were still alive. Quickly they sped home and the first thing Bob did was to eat a steaming, hot potato. "Boy," he exclaimed, "I'll never say I hate potatoes again."

Shirley Barrows, '37.

THE FACULTY OF**FALMOUTH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL**

Principal: Mr. Russell B. Marshall
 Asst. Principal: Mr. Everett L. Handy
 Mrs. Vera E. Abbott—English
 Miss Kathleen D. Arenovski—English
 Mr. Farnsworth K. Baker—Latin
 Mr. Harvard H. Broadbent—Social Studies
 Mr. Alan D. Craig—Social Studies
 Mr. Gordon H. Fitzpatrick—
 Mathematics, Science
 Mr. Henry A. Frank—Social Studies
 Mr. Elmer E. Fuller—Athletics
 Miss Helen O. Lathrop—Mathematics,
 English
 Mr. Wilbur M. Merrill—Manual
 Training
 Miss K. Sylvia Miner—Household Arts
 Mrs. Laura C. Moore—Mathematics
 Mr. Lewis B. Robinson—Agriculture
 Miss Arlene M. Sheehan—Business
 Training
 Mrs. Ruth H. Underwood—Household
 Arts
 Miss Ruth Mullaney—Physical Training
 Mr. William Howard—Music.

FACULTY CHANGES

Although it is probably already known, the Broadcaster would like to make formal recognition of the fact that there have been several changes in the Junior High School faculty. The first and foremost change is the promotion of our popular principal, Mr. Russell B. Marshall to principal of the High School although he retains the Junior High post. Mr. Handy is, in turn, assistant principal of the Junior High School. This year there are two new faculty members in the Junior High School, Mr. Broadbent and Miss Miner. We congratulate Mr. Marshall and Mr. Handy, and assure Mr. Broadbent and Miss Miner that we are behind them 100%.

John Hough, '37.



EDITORIALS

WE THANK YOU!

What this paper is, the school has made it. Without **your** wonderful co-operation and help we would not be where we are today with so large a paper. For all this we endeavor to show our gratitude in a bigger and better magazine, but there are some things which are better if expressed in "black and white". For this reason we write this editorial to thank you students, teachers, and friends of the Falmouth Junior High School and its paper "The Broadcaster" for your support. We, the members of the Broadcaster Club, thank you!

John Hough, '37.

Associate Editor-in-Chief.

WELCOME

This year old "Mother Junior High School" tucks under her wing more than five score seventh graders, and is she proud to possess them! Every single one has already shown that he is full of school spirit and "raring to go".

"A fine start makes an excellent ending" is a famous old saying. You have already made your fine start, and we are sure that you will keep up this record.

You, in turn, will be the leaders of this school, and we want you to get in practise at the very beginning.

Betty Davis, '37,

Associate Editor-in-Chief.

THANKSGIVING—1936

What is Thanksgiving? The first Thanksgiving was celebrated in 1622 after the Pilgrims had suffered many and terrible hardships, but because a ship had arrived carrying food and friends, they set aside a day to give thanks to God and called it Thanksgiving Day.

From that time on Governors and Presidents proclaimed different days for Thanksgiving, but a definite date was not set aside until 1864 when President Lincoln appointed the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day, thereby establishing a precedent, which all other presidents have followed.

It seems to me that each year the original purpose of Thanksgiving grows more dim until now, with most of us, it is just a day for feasting.

Let us now in 1936 stop to consider how much we really have to be thankful for. We need only to look at the present conditions in Spain, in Germany, in Italy, and the general unrest in the whole of Europe, and then stop and consider the freedom we are enjoying here. Let us now on Thanksgiving Day give thanks to God for this government "of the people, by the people, for the people", and may it ever be so.

Muriel Gediman, '38,

Assistant Editor.

THRIFT, A BADGE OF GREATNESS

Did you ever think of Thrift as a "badge of greatness"? Thrift of time, money, and everything else that goes toward the making of that quality. Thrift, a hidden factor in the lives of great men, a life-depending quality of the poor, struggling masses, an invaluable ally of the "Great God, Success." Thrift is all of that. It is the badge of success and greatness. Without it men would struggle along and live their mean lives not achieving the initial greatness enjoyed by those wise enough to save their time and money. You of the Junior High School are provided with a school bank. Use it. Save and prosper. Utilize the wonderful advantage it gives you and become what you, perhaps, would not otherwise become, a great man, and if you become such, realize to what heights you have risen and give credit to what deserves credit, Thrift.

John Hough, '37.

FRANKLIN'S THRIFT MAXIMS

He that idly loses five shillings' worth of time loses five shillings, and might as well prudently throw five shillings into the sea.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

In this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.

For age and want save while you may;

No morning sun lasts the whole day.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold;

'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

CHOOSE WISELY

In voting for persons who strive to attain any office, many things must first be taken into consideration—What do they stand for? Are they mentally, as well as physically able? Has the general public a good opinion of them? And numerous other qualities which they either do, or do not possess.

Always remember, though, after a person is once elected as the leader, we must all follow his orders and directions, whether he be our choice or not. Since the Democratic candidate for the Presidency has been reelected, we should do all that is in our power to aid and support President Roosevelt. It is much better to live happily, hold no grudges, and follow in the footsteps of others.

We are just passing through a history-making period, whether we realize it or not, and our great-great-grandchildren will be pondering over their history text books, trying to master those pages of events which we have just experienced.

We, as students of the Falmouth Junior High School, have not had enough experience to obtain sufficient knowledge of these things, but we can show our knowledge by voting intelligently in our own class and home room elections. We want to choose a good leader, who will increase the reputation of our school, and who will, in the future, bring honor and favor to us. Always take into consideration the qualities of the person for whom you are going to vote.

Betty Davis, '37.

EDITORIALS

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SCHOOL NOTES



HONOR ROLL

September

Ninth Grade: Richard Barry, Anne Burgess, Clayton Collins, Constance DeMello, Dorothy Francis, Milford Hatch, Jeannette Hurford, Charlotte McKenzie, Irene Sherman, Robert Simmons, Gillian Williams.

Eighth Grade: Gertrude Atkinson, Muriel Gediman.

Seventh Grade: Jean Davis.

October

Ninth Grade: Anne Burgess, Clayton Collins, Constance DeMello, Cecelia Dutra, Dorothy Francis, Milford Hatch, Jeannette Hurford, Roberta Jones, Charlotte McKenzie, John Mixer, Irene Sherman, and Gillian Williams.

Eighth Grade: Gertrude Atkinson, Joseph Cardeiro, Muriel Gediman, James Harding, Shirley Landers, and Anita Manley.

Seventh Grade: Louise Brown.

ASSEMBLIES

September assemblies welcomed all newcomers, the class of 1939 to Falmouth Junior High School. Some of these assemblies were to help the Seventh graders in the ways of our school.

A "Chinky-Chinky" Chinaman, so the story goes, tried to make a dollar out of ninety-eight cents, but Miss Elaine Conant, a senior in L. H. S., had no trouble in presenting a most interesting and amusing talk on China. She has lived in China for many years, and therefore from her experiences depicted a very different idea of a native Chinese to an attentive audience at an assembly late in September.

Before the year is over we will have been around the world it seems. During an early October assembly we traveled to the Holy Land with Stephen A. Haboush, a native of Palestine. He told in a very interesting manner of his youth and the life of a shepherd among the hills.

On October 13 The Broadcaster Club announced the beginning of its first annual campaign. The Associate Editors-in-Chief, Betty Davis and John Hough, the Business Manager, Robert Simmons, and the Assistant Editor, Muriel Gediman gave "pep" talks to stir the students to action. Mr. Broadbent and Mr. Frank, captains of the two teams, both aroused their squads to great enthusiasm. The good old Army mule and the determined Navy goat were "at it again", trying to outdo one another!

October 30 found another interesting speaker within our walls. Captain George Plummer, a world traveler and noted lecturer, spoke of his recent trip to the Arctic. He was brought here by the Senior Class and spoke to an auditorium filled with eager listeners. Captain Plummer brought with him two Eskimo dogs whose antics amused nearly everyone. There were movies taken on his trip which he described as they appeared. For an encore an Andy Gump cartoon was shown.

Friday the thirteenth of November was a lucky day for Room Seven. The first spelling bee of a series to be conducted throughout the year was the cause of the luck. This was a Ninth Grade contest and pupils from Rooms Seven, Eight, and Two competed. Andrew Barboza of Room Seven was the winner and Clayton Collins also of Room Seven was second.

The preceding accounts were just a few of our most interesting assemblies.
Melvina Crosby, '37.

GENERAL COUNCIL

For the second successive year our school has maintained a successful student government. It has been functioning under the supervision of Mr. Handy. Members are: Mary Lawrence, Secretary; Gertrude Atkinson; Shirley Landers and Betty Davis, the remaining members of last year's council.

Their two most successful projects include the lunchroom and the clean-up squad. In the lunch room the noise that prevailed a year ago has somewhat decreased and music has added to the enjoyment of the noon meal. The clean-up squad is still functioning and a great deal of improvement in the general appearance of the school grounds may be noticed.

Won't you please join with them in trying to better your J. H. S?

NEWS FLASHES

FROM THE NINTH GRADE

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Room Eight is the proud possessor of the Broadcaster Banner as a result of this first campaign. Its members brought in \$21.05 worth of subscriptions.

Room Seven, last year's members of Miss Lathrop's Room Two, won the Chandler McLane Trophy in June and also the Eastman Basketball Award. These two trophies remain in Room Seven's possession until 1937.

Andrew Barboza, champion speller of the Ninth Grade, together with Clayton Collins and Bille Carlson, successfully retain the Spelling Banner for Room Seven again this year.

The whole Ninth Grade maintained 100% in the Broadcaster subscription campaign. Keep up that record for the whole year, Ninth Graders.

Shirley Barrows, '37

Roberta Jones, '37

FROM THE EIGHTH GRADE

In Room Six it looks as though the attendance will turn out like the race of the turtle and the hare. In this case the hares are the boys and the turtles are the girls. The hares got a splendid start, but they're slipping bit by bit, while the patient turtles are gaining. That's the trouble with getting so "swell-headed", boys. You don't always win in the end, you know—and girls, show some more "pep",—we'll catch them napping if we only try.

The potential go-getters for the Junior High School have been proven to be the occupants of Rooms Two and Five. They both went over the top with a bang by being the first two rooms to subscribe one hundred percent for "The Broadcaster". (Mrs. Moore and Mr. Frank certainly ought to be proud of the record of their home rooms.)

Shirley Landers, '38.

David Whittemore, '38.

Room Six won the Home Room prize in the Enterprise Campaign. They chose an illuminated globe as their prize.

FROM THE SEVENTH GRADE

The Seventh Grade seems to have had a monopoly on the Attendance and Thrift Banners for the first two months. Room Five captured the Thrift Banner five weeks in succession, going from 69% to 73% in banking, but finally lost the prized trophy to Room Three which attained 83% in banking. Room Five was also awarded the Attendance Banner for September, but in October forfeited it to Room Four, another Seventh Grade Room. Congratulations! A fine record for this year's Seventh Grade, a good example for the Eighth and Ninth Grades!

Room Five also was the only Seventh Grade Room to get 100% in the Broadcaster Campaign.

Room Four at Miss Lathrop's suggestion is continuing the weekly Hektophographed paper, "WRM4", at the cost of one cent per copy. (We want to thank "WRM4" for the generous space given to advertise the Broadcaster during its recent campaign.) They hope to enlarge it to eight pages this year.

The staff for "WRM4" is as follows: Editor, April Oursler; Assistant Editor, John Lawrence; Literary, Eleanor McLaughlin; Jokes, Frank Paul and Henry Murray; Business Manager, Harold Nickerson; Printer, John Rose; Achievements, Marguerite Lumbert; Athletics, Stephen McInnis.

Jean Wagner, '39.

Jean Davis, '39.

John Lawrence, '39.

HOME ROOM OFFICERS

Ninth Grade

Room Seven: President, Clayton Collins; Vice-President, Betty Davis; Secretary, Constance DeMello; Treasurer, Stanley Burgess.

Room Eight: President, John Hough; Vice-President, John Mixer; Secretary, Jeannette Hurford; Treasurer, John Parker.

Room Two: President, Gillian Williams; Vice-President, Martha Vincent; Secretary, Irene Sherman; Treasurer, Azel Young.

Eighth Grade

Room One: President, Gertrude Atkinson; Vice-President, Nancy Haskins; Secretary, Carol Barrows; Treasurer, Richard DeMello.

Room Six: President, Donald MacQuarrie; Vice-President, Anita Manley; Secretary, Olive Medeiros; Treasurer, Evelyn Orr.

Room Three: President, Virginia Rowe; Secretary and Treasurer, Betty Schroeder.

Seventh Grade

Room Four: President, Eleanor McLaughlin; Vice-President, Avis Neal; Secretary, Marguerite Lumbert; Treasurer, Marion Mohr.

Room Five: President, Norman Eldridge; Vice-President, Francis Hamilton; Secretary, Muriel Carl; Treasurer, Jeanne Davis.

NEWS

Lawrence High expects to have a Christmas issue of "The Lawrencian" published this year with the help of Miss Griffin and Mr. Allen of the English Department. The Broadcaster wishes the staff the best of success.

TRAFFIC SQUAD

In a school such as ours, it seems necessary to have some sort of a system in which the rules and regulations for traffic in the corridors be enforced. To fulfill this requirement a squad of traffic officers is chosen every two months.

For the first two months, September and October, the following were appointed: Captain, James Wright; Clayton Collins; Warren Davis; John Hough, and Mary Lawrence.

For the second two months, November and December, Captain, Inman Soule; Stanley Burgess; Lester Crane; Jack Parker; and George Ignos. Substitutes: William Rabesa and William Hewins.

We hope you will do your best and cooperate with them in their efforts to make the corridors a more quiet and orderly place.

Betty Davis, '37.

BROADCASTER CAMPAIGN

The first annual campaign was staged with the opposing teams representing the Army and Navy football squads. The Midshipmen in the south end of the hall, with the coaching of Mr. Frank, maintained the lead throughout the campaign, and although both teams deserve a great deal of credit, Navy scored over Coach Broadbent's Cadets with a total of \$77.65 to \$58.75 (Campaign total \$136.40). All the Navy rooms (Five, Six, Seven, and Eight) and one half of the Army rooms (One and Two) achieved one hundred percent and received five points toward the Chandler McLane Trophy. Room Eight won the banner, bringing in \$21.05. Carl Palmer and April Oursler merit praise for getting the greatest number of subscriptions, bringing in sixteen and fourteen respectively. The total number of subscriptions was 457 (273 annual and 184

single). We hereby wish to express our sincere appreciation for your support and cooperation in making this the most successful campaign ever held.

Robert Simmons, '37,
Business Manager.

THE ENTERPRISE CAMPAIGN

The Enterprise Campaign this year was very successful in spite of the fact that renewals did not count. Altogether a total of one hundred and ten six month subscriptions were taken in. This gave the school a profit of \$41.50.

The school was divided into two teams, the Giants and the Yankees. Rooms 3, 4, 5, and 6 composed the Giants and Rooms 2, 1, 8, and 7, the Yankees. Unlike the World's Series, the Giants won with Room Six in first place and Room Four in second place. The individual obtaining the largest number of six month subscriptions was Irene Marshall of Room Six. The profits from this campaign will go to the school fund.

Shirley Barrows, '37.

NINTH GRADE FOOD SALE

The Ninth Grade have again proved themselves to be excellent salesmen. Following on the heels on The Enterprise and the Broadcaster campaigns, in which the Ninth Grade proved outstanding, came a Food Sale for the benefit of the football team, the purpose being to buy new helmets for the boys. The sale was held on October 31, in the vacant store next to Iris's Drugstore on Main street. The heads of the committee were Charlotte McKenzie of Room 8, Dorothy Francis of Room 7, and Gillian Williams of Room 2. Posters for publicity were made by Ninth Graders, and the sale was a huge success, with \$21.65 to their credit.

Shirley Barrows, '37.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

A social activities program has been initiated in the Junior High School under the guidance of Mr. Handy. A general committee made up of four teachers and two pupils from each grade has been appointed by the students. The teachers are Miss Arenovski, Miss Sheehan, Mr. Frank, and Mr. Fitzpatrick. The pupils are Connie DeMello, Chairman, and Jack Parker from the Ninth grade; Nancy Haskins, secretary, and Richard Hewins from the Eighth grade; Mary Dillingham and John Lawrence from the Seventh grade.

The duty of this committee is to set up rules and regulations governing social affairs, and to help pupils conduct social affairs.

Constance DeMello, '37.

BANKING

The banking record of this school for the year 1936 is something to be proud of. The highest number of depositors up to date is 122 while last year it was only 47. There has been \$286.29 deposited so far and the highest banking percentage of the school is 37%. Room Five, Mr. Frank's room, held the Thrift Banner for five weeks, but Room Three, Miss Sheehan's room, finally captured it with 83%. Banking is under the direction of the Commercial teacher, Miss Sheehan, with the help of four students from the Business Course, Ann Burgess, Dorothy Francis, Jeannette Hurford, and Irene Sherman. Here's hoping that as the year goes by we can improve this already excellent banking record.

Muriel Gediman, '38.

SCHOOL BAND

With Mr. Broadbent as director and Jill Williams as drum-major, our school band has made a wonderful showing in public and at the football games. It was formerly directed by Mr. Farnham, but was taken over by the schools.

The band is composed of pupils from the elementary, junior and senior high schools. There are twenty-seven members in all. Those from the Junior High School are: Paul Blanchard, Muriel Carl, Richard Barry, Milford Hatch, Jill Williams, Marguerite Lumbert, Louise Brown, Bernard Cassidy, Angelo Serano, Paul Robbins, and Gordon Parker.

We appreciate the fine work of the members and we are all proud to possess such a fine band.

ALUMNI NEWS

It seems that all of last year's Room Eight officers have again been elected as officers of the Sophomore Class. President, Elwood Mills; Vice-President, Robert McDonald; Secretary, Phyllis Studley; Treasurer, Charles Parker.

Last year's Editor-in-Chief, George A. Hough III, is attending Lenox School For Boys. He has been elected President of his Form and is a member of the staff of the school paper.

John Dillingham, another member of the Class of 1936, is at Governor Dummer Academy this year.

Mr. Ballard has been chosen faculty adviser to the Sophomores.

Four Sophomores have made the L. H. S. Varsity Football team. They are: Elwood Mills, Fred Pocknett, "Chink" Parker, and Robert McDonald. Many other Sophs are on the Second Team.

Lawrence Antonellis,

Alumni Editor.

LINES CLUB

The name of the Lines Club is really only a camouflage to hide the real purpose of this club, which is simply to study grammar, and particularly diagramming. It is an aid to the members in clarifying facts of grammar. It is open only to 8A and 8B students, and is voluntary. The President is Carol Barrows, and is the only office in the club. It is supervised by Mrs. Abbott.

CINEMA CLUB

This year Miss Lathrop started a new and interesting club, the Cinema or Movie Club. It was enthusiastically received by Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth graders alike. At the first meeting officers of the club were elected. They are as follows: President, Jeanette Hurford; Vice-President, Muriel Carl; Secretary, Madeline Hathaway; and Treasurer, Avis Neal. The purpose of the club is to help the members choose their movies wisely and carefully, making the best selections for their money. The type of movies they are attending and judging is illustrated by the first two seen, "Ramona", and "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

Roberta Jones, '37.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club, sponsored by Mr. Fitzpatrick, organized and has been meeting to listen to short lectures and experiments by selected members. The officers are; President, Robert Simmons; Vice-President, John Mixer; Secretary, Paul Blanchard; Treasurer, Warren Davis.

Robert Simmons, '37.

L. F.—Mr. Merrill I smell wood burning!"

Mr. M.—"Stop trying to think F—."

ORCHESTRAS

There are two orchestras this year, the Senior and Junior. Both are under the direction of William Howard, supervisor of music. The Junior orchestra is composed of eighteen Junior High School pupils. They have not appeared in public yet, but expect to soon. The Senior orchestra is composed of L. H. S. and five Junior High School pupils. They are Milford Hatch, Richard Barry, Muriel Gediman, Bert Soderland, and Virginia Rowe. The High School and the Parent-Teacher Association have enjoyed listening to their excellent music.

Shirley Barrows, '37.

MATH CLUB

The Eighth Grade Math Club under the direction of Mrs. Moore is progressing rapidly. It is intended for eighth grade pupils who have difficulty in their math. Meetings are held twice a week during the fifth period, thus giving the members two more periods of math a week. At present there are about thirty-five members, but this number is always changing. When the mark of G is attained the member is automatically dropped from the club and others with poor marks are taken in.

Shirley Barrows, '37.

BROADCASTER CLUB

September 29 started the Broadcaster Club on its 1936-37 career. Plans for publishing the school magazine got underway. Club officers were elected as follows: President, John Hough; Vice-President, Milford Hatch; Secretary, Clayton Collins; Treasurer, Muriel Gediman. With Miss Kathleen D. Arenovski as adviser, the members are learning how to edit a paper. Every Tuesday during the fifth period their meetings are held.

Clayton Collins, '37.

SPORTS

FROM ROOSEVELT'S CREED

I believe in hitting the line when you are right.

I believe in hard work and honest sport.

I believe in a sane mind and a sound body.

GOOD GRIDIRON GRIT

Enthusiasm is at a high pitch at old J. H. S. . . . when the team beats Yarmouth by six more points than Barnstable does, that's something to cheer about . . . Rumors about Barnstable using High School men are around . . . Coach Frank's men look like winners . . . Penalties ruined Falmouth chances of a rout . . . tripping and clipping mainly . . . Parker looked good on an end jaunt for the first time . . . Moniz, Martin and Wright, the other linesmen, were right in swing too . . . Martin was the only casualty when he got kicked in the arm . . . Marks are a vital factor in the coming game . . . they might put the stars of our team on the bench . . . The Frank-painted blue and gold helmets ought to take the fight out of Barnstable . . . Are they flashy!

Richard Barry, '37.

As captain of the F. J. H. S. Football Team I wish to congratulate the team for their fine spirit and sportsmanship, and especially to thank Mr. Frank, our coach, for showing us how to work together for the team and how to play fair.

Inman Soule, Captain.



BOYS' ATHLETIC NOTES

On November 20 F. J. H. S. Football team journeyed to Wareham where they crushed Wareham Freshman 19-0.

F. J. H. S. TIES L. H. S. SECONDS

Due to the versatility of the Junior High School Football Squad, the Lawrence High School Second Team failed to tally in a scoreless tie played on the school field, Friday, October 30.

Jack Parker, Jimmy Wright, and Joe Martin were the individual stars of the game for the Junior High School. "Lanky" Soule showed up well at tackle and the whole line played a strong defensive game.

Time alone stopped Laurie Greene, line-ploughing halfback of the Second Team, who carried the ball to the J. H. S. ten-yard stripe in the final quarter. The Junior High boys fought gallantly, although they were outweighed and faced by more superior opponents. The stars of the High School eleven were Nickerson and Greene.

L. H. S. SECONDS DEFEAT F. J. H. S.

The Junior High School football squad tasted its first defeat in a second game played with the Lawrence High School Second Team on the Athletic field, Thursday, November 5. The score was 6-2.

Cassidy, playing right tackle for the Seconds, intercepted a pass on the J. H. S. twenty-yard line and ran to the five-yard line. Costa in two plunges went over standing up. This spoiled the Junior High School's chances of a win, which up until then had been very good.

Coach Frank's boys scored in the early part of the game, when English, the Second's left halfback, stepped out of his end zone while punting. This gave them an automatic safety.

The lineups:

J. H. S.	L. H. S. Seconds
Hatch, Collins, le	re, Perry, Denny
Ignos, lt	rt, Cassidy, Abbott
Hodgman, lg	rg, Issokson, Jones
Davis T., c	c, Nickerson
Hough, Ignos, Soderland. rg	
	lg, Turner, Young
Ignos, Hough, rt	lt, Guaraldi, White
Breivogel, Turner, re	
	le, McDonald, Frye
Parker, qb	qb, Corey, Freeman
Martin, hb	hb, English
Wright, hb	Greene, hb
Moniz, fb	fb, Costa
	Richard Barry, '37.

JUNIOR VARSITY TROUNCES YARMOUTH FRESHMEN

A rugged Falmouth Junior High School eleven triumphed over a game group of Yarmouth Junior High School lads, 13-0 at Yarmouth, Friday, November 13.

The Yarmouth team fought hard but the Falmouth boys beat them by sheer manpower. The backfield as well as the line played a fine game with Moniz and Wright showing the greatest improvement in carrying the ball. Moniz ripped the Yarmouth line open time after time with his smashing line bucks. Jack Parker played his usual impressive game, scoring both touchdowns.

The star for Yarmouth was Wixon, the only man Falmouth had trouble stopping, when he smashed off tackle. A return game has been scheduled with Yarmouth to be played at Falmouth.

Richard Barry, '37.

"Lanky" Soule and "Quarterback" Mixer were elected captain and manager respectively of Junior Varsity Football Team which meets Barnstable Junior Varsity with the Pre-Thanksgiving game on the school field Wednesday, November 25.

NINTH GRADE BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

November 17 witnessed the staging of a Badminton tournament in the gym. The winner was Paul Blanchard who gained one point for Room Seven. Moreover all participants gained one point for themselves. In the first round Blanchard beat Baker, Cavanaugh bowed to Baker, and Mixer swamped Crane. W. Davis edged Mixer in the semi-finals and Blanchard defeated W. Davis for the victory.

Richard Barry, '37.

EIGHTH GRADE SPORTS

The two outstanding members of the J. H. S. light, but courageous football team are from the Eighth Grade. They are Joe Martin, a light and agile halfback, and Tony Moniz, the rugged halfback. Although the team as a whole is made up of Ninth Graders, the Eighth Graders play an important part. The Eighth Grade substitutes are as follows: Henry Santos, Abel Mello, Manuel Mello, Carlo Pena, Carlton Collins, and John Corey.

Richard Hewins, '38

David Whittemore, '38

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES COURT SHOTS

Girls' basketball season is on for 1936-1937 . . . About fifty out for first meeting . . . only twenty-five showed up for first practice . . . those hockey-trained amazons are right "in the pink" and how! . . . those Mashpee basketeurs will be an addition to the squad, it seems . . . enthusiasm runs high . . . hopes for room teams, class teams as well as a Varsity team seem positive . . . Coach Arenovski looks forward to a most enjoyable and successful season with "the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul."

HOCKEY

Although the J. H. S. girls' hockey team showed much improvement throughout the season, they failed to win a victory. In the opening game our team was defeated by Barnstable, 6-0. The girls showed much improvement in the second game, holding Yarmouth to a 3-0 score. In the third and last game of the season the Falmouth girls lost out 4-0 to Barnstable.

This year the hockey team under the coaching of Miss Arlene Sheehan was composed of girls from all three grades. This was much better than last year, when only a few joined. Charlotte McKenzie was elected captain of the team.

The girls who played in these games are: Betty Davis, Charlotte McKenzie, Rebecca Cahoon, Connie DeMello, Dorothy Francis, Beatrice DeManche, Tina Trigledas, Mary Lawrence, Kathleen Stevens, Isabelle Rose, Norma Peterson, Jean Wagner, Evangeline Tollo, Muriel Gediman, Jean Hall, Priscilla Hildreth, Mary Cavanaugh, Mary McAdams, Delia Lopes, Virginia Rowe, Patty Berg, Mary Cobb, Olive Peterson, and Melissa Mills.

Connie DeMello, '37.

As captain of the Junior High School Field Hockey Team, I wish to express my thanks to the girls for their teamwork and cooperation in all of the games which we played. The girls fought bravely and showed good sportsmanship even when defeated.

I also want to thank our coach, Miss Sheehan, who taught us fairness and how to play the game squarely.

Good luck to next year's team.

Charlotte McKenzie, '37.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

As Exchange Editor of the Broadcaster, I naturally wish to have a greater exchange than in any preceding year. I hope that this wish will come true in the very near future.

Here are a few of my new found friends, all old exchanges, whose magazines have arrived.

"Junior Hi-Lights", Durham Junior High School, Durham, N. C.—An exceptionally good paper, especially the sports.

"March", March Junior High School, Easton, Pa.—A very clever and original publication which we enjoyed.

"Blue and Gray", Friends Central School, Overbrook, Pa.—Some fine cuts. We liked your stories.

"The Wanderer", Mattapoisett Junior High, Mattapoisett, Mass.—Fine pictures, an all-round magazine with a nice cover.

"Franklin Gazette", Benjamin Franklin Junior High, Yonkers, N. Y.—A worthwhile news-sheet of merit.

"The Curtin Junior Citizen", Curtin Junior High School, Williamsport, Pa.—Some good stories; especially, "My Mexican Vacation," and "The Flood at Glenora, New York."

We hope to be able to exchange with the following schools this year:

"John Simpson Times"—John Simpson Junior High, Mansfield, Ohio.

"Steuben Scribe"—Steuben Junior High, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Joe Junior"—Joe Brown Junior High, Atlanta, Georgia.

"Tollogram"—E. J. Toll Junior High, Glendale, California.

"Mirror"—Ruffner Junior High, Norfolk, Virginia.

"Broadcaster"—University City Junior High, University City, Mo.

"Junior High Life"—Junior High, Texarkana, Arkansas.

"Junior High News"—Owensboro Junior High, Owensboro, Kentucky.

Milford Hatch, '37.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from Page 10)

"MOVIES"

With the new Cinema Club arousing everyone's enthusiasm about the movies it is interesting to note their development and how beneficial they have been in our everyday lives.

In 1894 the first motion picture was shown at the Chicago World's Fair. The earliest actors and directors for the screen were drafted from the stage.

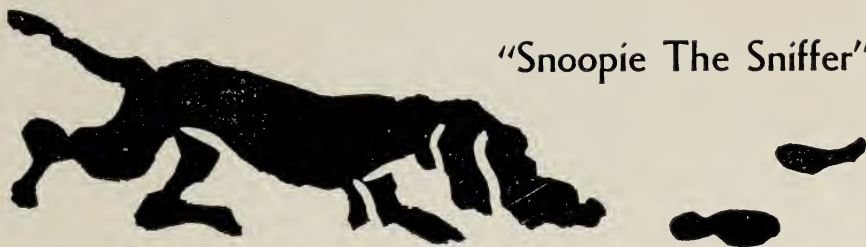
Today the movies entertain and educate millions of people, old and young, in every corner of the world. Religious and historical drama and pictures of travel, science and industry are being used to instruct as well as to entertain. Nowadays there is no expense spared in securing the best actors, directors, artists, etc., in order to make the movies as realistic as possible.

Motion pictures bring to us daily the important events of the world thereby enabling us to keep in close touch with other countries. They have brought to us the beauties of far off lands which without the camera's eye most of us would never have seen. They have paved the way to safety and helped to curb crime.

Today there are over 50,000 places throughout the world where motion pictures are shown. Of this number more than 20,000 are in the United States. Let us take advantage of every opportunity offered to attend worthwhile movies which are always a source of enjoyment in addition to helping us improve our minds.

Muriel Gediman, '38,
Assistant Editor.

"Snoobie The Sniffer"



Yes, those "heavenly twins" (from Room Two last year) seem to be getting along first rate in separate home rooms. Maybe their "interests" have broadened!!

A lass from Waquoit seems to be lost in a fog. This mist is unlike the usual Cape Cod fog. You know the kind.

That lanky Traffic Cop again is the center of attention. This time she is a resident of King Street and a member of this newsy Broadcaster.

Snoobie knows that a certain small boy from Room Four, the son of the town's popular druggist, wishes that he were a member of the Broadcaster staff. Perhaps not to work but to be near the Editor's sister.

The Ninth Grade's football hero appears to be admired by several Sophomore misses.

Ah! Ha! Who is the bright-eyed boy in 8D at whom our little Betsy has been making eyes? You guess.

The "shrimp" of the Ninth Grade, who is always asking the science teacher innocent questions, was recently quizzed as to the identity of her beau. She innocently told Snoobie that he's red-headed, and a Seventh Grader who sits (much to his agitation) in the first seat nearest the door in Mr. Frank's geography class.

The smart little Room Four salesman, who often solicits subscribers to his home room news-sheet, has quite a head for business. Recently he found out that 20c would admit two into the movies, so he asked his Seventh Grade reporter girl friend to be his guest. Not bad figuring for one so young.

Our Alumni Editor, a member of that famous League, still keeps tabs on the Cliffs at West Falmouth, even though his movie dates don't always pan out.

This affair d'amour between the President and Vice-President of Room Seven is something classical. It goes back as far as Grade Four. Let's see. That is five years ago.

Yes, Snoobie has seen Room Seven's talented trumpet-tooting troubadour in the company of a certain pretty little member of the fairer sex, who also plays the same instrument in the band.

One of Room Seven's contributions to the "Funnies", Ella Cinders, is interested in one of the "heavenly twins", him of the blond hair and the magnificent build.

Recently there was a very lively discussion among the males of the Ninth Grade as to who was the prettiest girl in the class. It seems that our own School Notes editor had a commanding lead when the former Syracuse full-back broke up the play.

That snooping Sherlock from School-day Yard saw the Sports editor and his henchman braving the elements for Woods Hole not long ago. Increasing signs of H₂O and a rather stiff breeze could not stop them, but a Berg float- ing off High St. turned the trick.

The news hound who is supposed to keep you Broadcaster readers in "laffs" was seen at the "flickers" with a blonde-haired Seventh Grader. Snoopie found that the young lady involved was a talented mermaid, a winner of a Red Cross Life Saving pin.

When that tall attractive band leader asked the Ninth Grade's most eligible bachelor to be her guest at a Hallowe'en Party, she blushed a deep red, as red as that colorful uniform she wears on Saturdays at the football games.

This same young man, it seems, is learning to trip the light fantastic at dancing school and the Secretary of the General Council is acting in the capacity of chief partner.

As four Freshmen walked around the Surf Drive during a day of leisure, their conversation naturally drifted first to football and then to girls.

"What do you call your girls?" asked one inquisitive lad, addressing the three others.

"I call my girl 'Zero' because she's always that cold when I'm around."

"I call mine 'Brown Sugar' 'cause she's sweet but unrefined."

"I dubbed my lass 'Marcel' 'cause I'm not sure she's permanent."

"Aw, I don't call my girl anything. The last time I had a date she called me 'Pilgrim' 'cause I seemed to be making progress. Now she calls me 'No Soap' because I didn't lather."

The President of Room Six spends much of his leisure time on Nye Road. He says it's her brother but we have our suspicions.

Snoopie hears that the young poet of the Sophomore Class finds it increasingly difficult to finish her homework. She says (confidentially) that it interferes with letters to Lenox.

A young "Romeo" from Woods Hole, well-known last year due to his J. H. S. affairs, has been keeping his latest ones under cover, but those "in the know" say that he has formed a generous opinion of the "home town" lasses. He was last seen heading for New York. We wonder what the attraction is there.

That new lass from Room Seven seems to make friends easily among the opposite sex, but it appears that our own Frenchy has the edge on all of them. He's an old friend.

The Editor-in-Chief and his Business Manager both have been seen in the vicinity of Woods Hole and it wasn't to catch a boat to the Vineyard or Nantucket either.





JUNIOR HIGH DICTIONARY

AFFORD: Kind of car.
BASTE: Where you run to in baseball.
BAWL: What you play football with.
BOW: Boy friend.
CAVERN: One who runs from danger.
CYNIC: Where you wash the dishes.
CLOSE: What you wear.
COAST: Comes out on Hallowe'en.
FARTHER: Male parent.
MANY: Comes in dollars and cents.
PLY: Kind of dessert.
REND: To let.
STATIUM: Where football games occur.
STOIC: The bird that brings the babies.
SICENCE: Where experiments are made.
TRAIT: Barter.
TRIPE: Clan.
WINTER: What you're looking out of when the teacher asks you a question. (inevitably)
WON: Comes before two.
WORE: What's going on in Spain.
WHITTLES: Food.

J. C.—Mr. Frank, I just saw the spelling bee go down to the auditorium.

JOKES

Sure He Didn't Hit It

With a grinding of brakes the officer pulled up his motor car and shouted to a little boy playing in the field. "Say, sonny, have you seen an airplane come down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir!" replied the boy, trying to hide his tiny slingshot. "I've only been shooting at a bottle."

BONERS

A community is a gathering of people.

When asked in an English test to tell about the author's life, these excerpts were found on two exam papers:

"He studied hard at the University and finally got a first degree."

"He went to the University and got a disagree."

Miss L—, in answer to an exercise filling in the blank spaces with adverbs, received the following from a Seventh Grader:

1. The tired old man walked **adverbs** down the street.
2. The little child crawled **adverbs** to the tree.
3. She spoke **adverbs** to the crying baby.

Pretty Terrible

"Do you take this woman for butter or wurst?"

"Liver alone! I never sausage nerve!"

Maybe So!

Miss A—: "What is the objective (case) of the pronoun, he?"

H. S.—: "She!"

Brain Food

Mr. Frank: "What is fish used for, besides food?"

D—: "For eating!"

Time For Talk to Stop

Lecturer—"Now, is there anyone here who would like to ask a question?"

Someone in the Audience—"Yeah. What time is it?"

Telling Her

Old Lady—"I suppose you sailors are very careful when you are at sea?"

Old Salt—"No, not at all, ma'am; in fact, we try to be as wreckless as possible."

Catching Him

A lecturer had been describing some of the sights abroad. "There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you'd tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I'm always forgetting mine."

Seen on Miss A's blackboard—"Books to **Grown On**."

What books do you **groan** on?

Unexpected at Any Rate

Teacher: Jimmie, what does the word collision mean?

Jimmie: Well, if two things come together at a time when you're not expecting them, that'd be a collision.

Teacher: All right, now Bobby, you define a collision.

Bobby: Twins.

Exchange—"The Arrow"
Pontiac, Michigan.

Mr. Fr—k—"What are the causes of the decline in whaling?"

S—nth Graders—

"The tide went out."

"It was too rough."

"They found something else to eat."

The following notice was seen in a church:

Worshippers who intend to put but-tons in the collection are requested to give their own and not pull them off the hassocks.

—The Monitor.

PICTURESQUE SPEECH**Siense Klub**

De Siense Klub's bin dooin xpereements, 'n thins. It's unda de sooper-vizen ov Mist Fritzpatrik an de officuhs r az follers: Prez. Rabbit Simns; Vice-Prez. Q. B. Mixup; Sek, Pol Blansherd; Tres. Wurn Davus. Thays plentee a gize, so ifen yer figgeren on jinen, ya beta nott. Wedon wancha.

Sined,

The Prez. rs

TEACHERS' WELL-KNOWN SAYINGS:

Mrs. A.—"Teachers dismiss you, not bells."

Miss A.—"What's all the talking about?"

Mr. B.—"I'm only a little fellow, but—"

Mr. Fitz.—"Now, let's rehearse this all over again."

Mr. Fr.—"I'm only a big fellow, but—"

Mr. H.—"I'm very proud of what you students have done."

Miss L.—"Is this an example of good citizenship?"

Mrs. M.—"Pity the soul that hasn't his home work done."

Miss Sheehan—"Know your community."

Quoted from "WRM4"

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